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STAR TREK THE NEXT GENERATION®

DOCTOR WHO

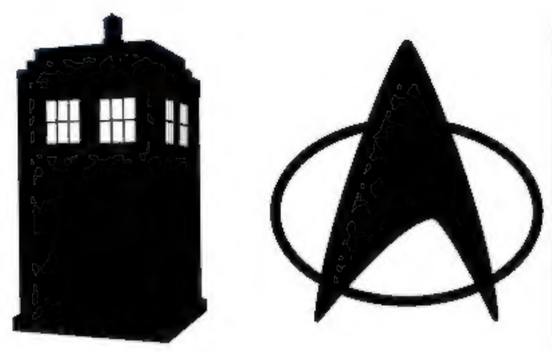
THE MENACE OF THE CYBER-CONTROLLER!

The story so far...

The Doctor is an alien, the last of the powerful Time Lords. He is an intrepid traveller through time and space, armed only with his incredible intelligence and his fix-anything sonic screwdriver. He travels alone, except for the human companions he befriends, briefly sharing his life with them and showing them the astonishing wonders of the universe.

Space... the Final Frontier. These are the voyages of the Starship Enterprise. Its continuing mission: to explore strange new worlds, to seek out new life and new civilizations, to boldly go where no one has gone before.

After successfully retrieving the Borg Executive Library and uploading it into the Conduit, the Doctor, Captain Picard, and their team used the TARDIS to board the main Cybership. They were immediately detected, attacked, and divided into two teams. Now as everything comes to a head, a horde of Borg-enhanced Cybermen stand between them and accomplishing their mission to save the universe...



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Special thanks to Risa Kessler and John Van Citters of CBS Consumer Products, and Kate Bush, Georgie Britton, Caroline Skinner, Denise Paul, and Ed Casey at BBC Worldwide for their invaluable assistance.

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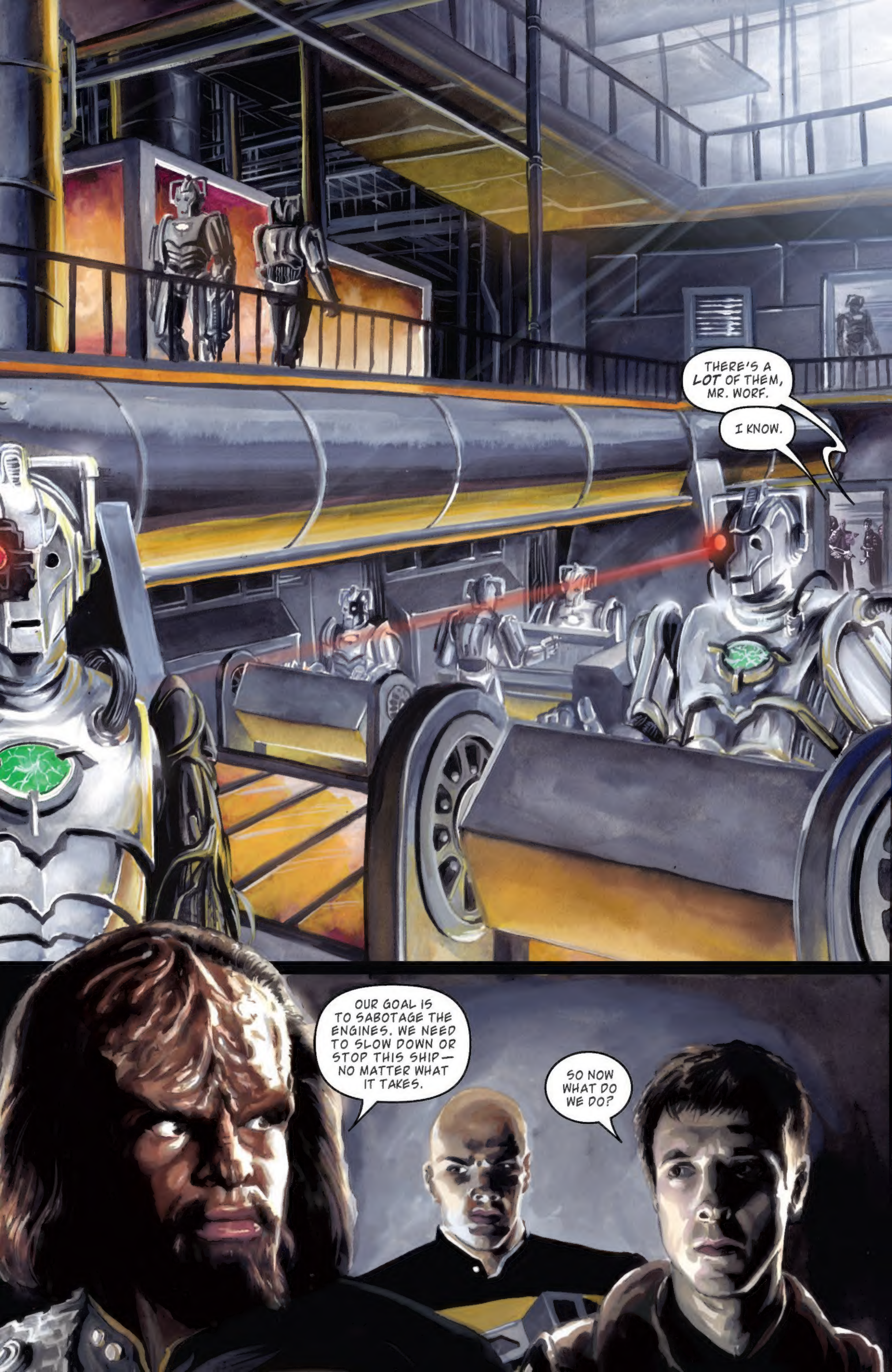
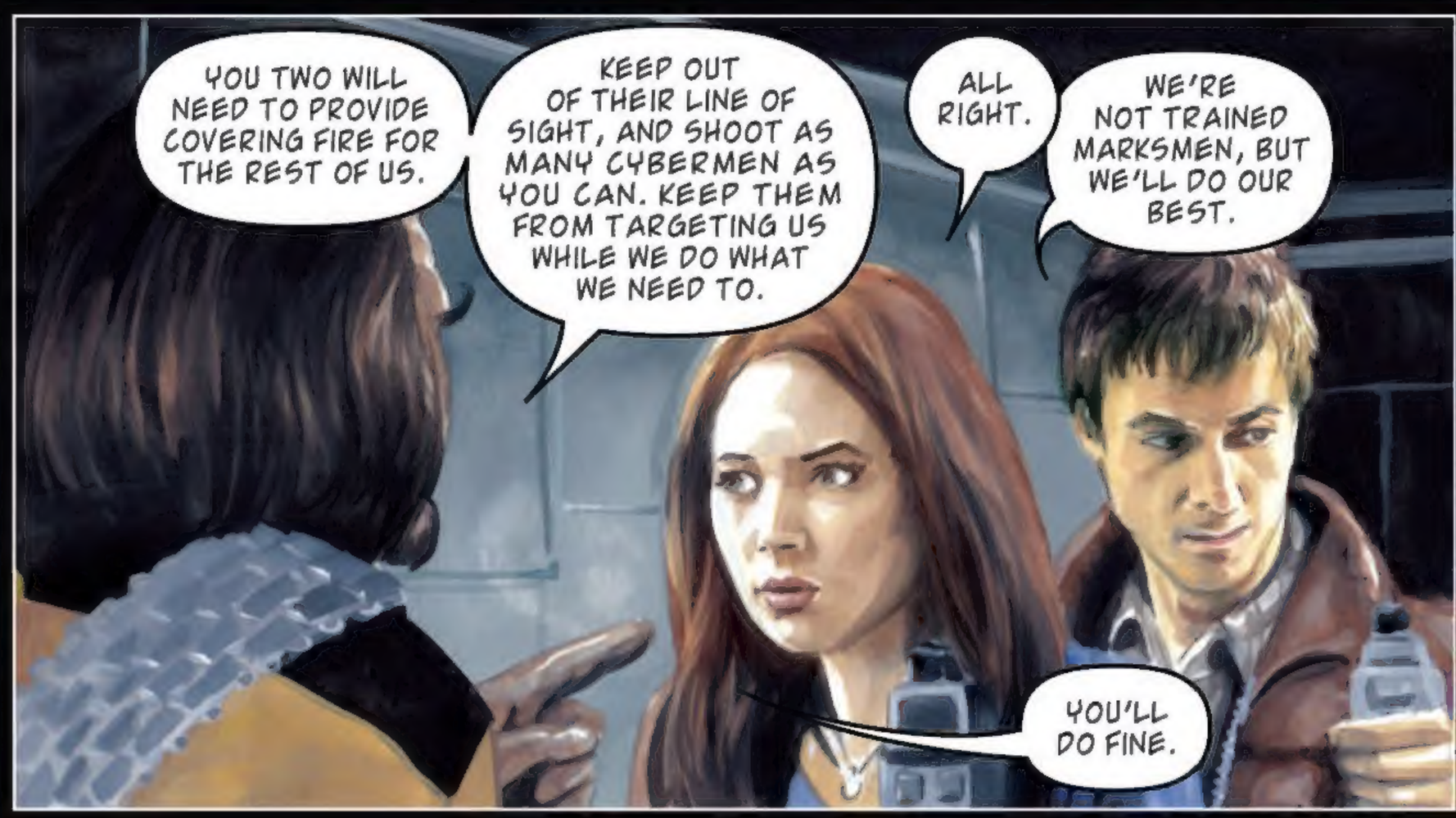

THERE'S A LOT OF THEM, MR. WORF.
I KNOW.
OUR GOAL IS TO SABOTAGE THE ENGINES. WE NEED TO SLOW DOWN OR STOP THIS SHIP— NO MATTER WHAT IT TAKES.
SO NOW WHAT DO WE DO?

WE NEED TO GET IN THERE IN SUFFICIENT NUMBERS TO DO SIGNIFICANT DAMAGE.

WHEN I GIVE THE WORD, THE FOUR OF US WILL RUSH IN.
FOCUS YOUR FIRE ON THE PRIMARY CONTROL CIRCUITRY AROUND THE MAIN DRIVE.
AS SOON AS THE ENGINES STOP AND WE DROP OUT OF WARP, BACK OFF AND WE'LL RETREAT AND FIGHT THEM BACK HERE. ALONG THIS NARROW CORRIDOR, WE'LL HAVE BETTER POSITIONING.


YOU TWO WILL NEED TO PROVIDE COVERING FIRE FOR THE REST OF US.
KEEP OUT OF THEIR LINE OF SIGHT, AND SHOOT AS MANY CYBERMEN AS YOU CAN. KEEP THEM FROM TARGETING US WHILE WE DO WHAT WE NEED TO.
ALL RIGHT.
WE'RE NOT TRAINED MARKSMEN, BUT WE'LL DO OUR BEST.
YOU'LL DO FINE.

LIEUTENANT, YOU REALIZE THAT WITH ALL THE WEAPONS FIRE IN AN ENGINE ROOM, WE COULD HIT THE WRONG THING AND BLOW THIS WHOLE SHIP UP... VERY EASILY.
YES, I HAVE CONSIDERED THIS. THAT OUTCOME WOULD STILL ACHIEVE OUR ULTIMATE GOAL.
TODAY IS A GOOD DAY TO DIE.
ALL RIGHT, THEN. I NEVER MUCH CARE FOR IT MYSELF...

GET READY.
NOW!

KEEP FIRING!
KAVOOM!
BRVRRT

EMERGENCY!
STOP THE INTRUDERS!
BRVRRT

NO!

RRAGH!
BRVRRT

WARNING! ENGINES ARE OFFLINE!

EVACUATE! FIND THE INTRUDERS!
COME QUICKLY, WE SHOULD JOIN UP WITH THE CAPTAIN NOW.
WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS?
THERE'S NO HELPING THEM NOW.

LOOK AT ALL THOSE CYBERMEN. ENHANCED WITH BORG TECHNOLOGY, I SEE. YOU CAN BE SURE THEY ARE PLANNING ALL SORTS OF MISCHIEF.
THE MORE PRESSING PROBLEM, DOCTOR, IS THEY ARE BETWEEN US AND THE SHIP'S BRIDGE, WHERE WE WILL FIND THE CYBER-CONTROLLER.
WE'D BE HARD PRESSED TO FIGHT OUR WAY THROUGH THAT MOB.
DATA, ARE THERE ANY ALTERNATE ROUTES?
CAPTAIN— SOMETHING'S...

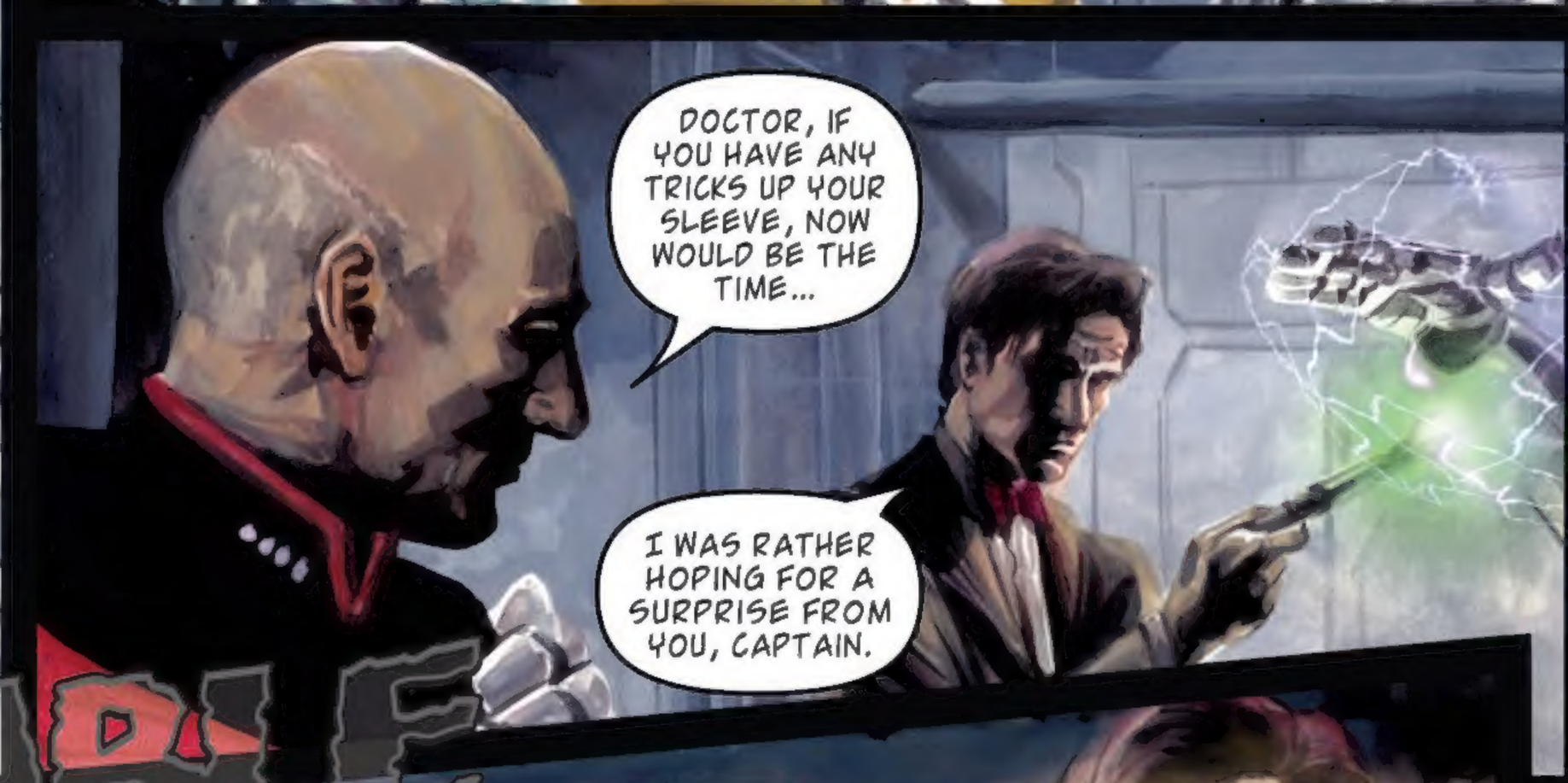
...HAPPENING.
WARNING!
DANGER! INTRUDERS DETECTED.
SABOTAGE!
DELETE! DELETE!
SEIZE THEM!
DANGER!
YOU ARE THE TIME LORD. WE WILL TAKE YOU TO THE CYBER-CONTROLLER.
DON'T MAKE ME USE THIS.

YOU ARE BEHIND THE SABOTAGE OF OUR VESSEL. PUNISHMENT WILL BE SWIFT.

PREPARE YOURSELF TO BE UPGRADED.

THIS BORG WILL BE DECOMMISSIONED AND RECYCLED ALONG WITH THE REST OF HIS INFERIOR COLLECTIVE.

CURIOUS. THIS UNIT DOES NOT SEEM IN NEED OF A CYBER UPGRADE.
BRING HIM TO THE CYBER-CONTROLLER FOR INSPECTION.


DOCTOR, IF YOU HAVE ANY TRICKS UP YOUR SLEEVE, NOW WOULD BE THE TIME...
I WAS RATHER HOPING FOR A SURPRISE FROM YOU, CAPTAIN.

DEF RUMBLE
ALERT! WE ARE UNDER ATTACK!
AH! A SURPRISE FROM OUTSIDE! THAT WOULD WORK FINE AS WELL!

"I THINK IT'S THE ENTERPRISE!"

CAPTAIN, WE'VE GIVEN THAT SHIP A THOROUGH DOSE OF THE GOLD-INFUSED PARTICLE BEAM THAT WE DEVISED.

IT SHOULD HAVE PERMEATED EVERY OPEN SPACE IN THAT HULL WITH A FINE GOLD MIST.

AND ACCORDING TO PLAN, WE'RE GOING TO BEAT A HASTY RETREAT NOW BECAUSE THE REST OF THE CYBERMAN FLEET IS CLOSING FAST, AND THEY DON'T LOOK VERY HAPPY TO SEE US.

YOU HAVE NO IDEA JUST HOW TIMELY YOUR ARRIVAL WAS, NUMBER ONE. YES, BY ALL MEANS, GET THE *ENTERPRISE* OUT OF THERE!

—BZZTT—
—BZZTT—

YOU HAD THIS COMING, YOU KNOW.

ERROR. ERROR. REBOOT.

YOUR CHIEF ENGINEER IS QUITE USEFUL, CAPTAIN.

HE CAME THROUGH JUST IN TIME WITH THE GOLDEN BEAM. HE WOULD MAKE AN INTERESTING COMPANION.

DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT.

I MUST ADMIT, THOUGH, THE GOLDEN BEAM WORKED OUT EVEN BETTER THAN YOU'D LED ME TO BELIEVE.

IT CERTAINLY WAS EFFECTIVE, BUT REMEMBER, AT TIMES THESE CYBERMEN HAVE STRENGTHENED THEIR SHIELDS AND BUILT UP RESISTANCES TO GOLD.

WE MAY NOT BE SO LUCKY WITH THE CYBER-CONTROLLER.

AND SPEAK OF THE DEVIL, I THINK WE'RE ABOUT TO MEET HIM.

THAT'S HIM, ALL RIGHT.

YOU MAY AS WELL COME IN, DOCTOR. YOUR ARRIVAL WAS NO SURPRISE.

YOU CYBERMEN NEVER CHANGE. SAME OLD ELABORATE PLANS THAT NEVER QUITE WORK OUT.

THE ARROGANCE OF THE TIME LORDS! ONCE AGAIN YOU HAVE MADE THINGS DIFFICULT FOR US BUT YOUR SABOTAGE WON'T STOP US.

WE HAVE DEVOTED ENORMOUS RESOURCES TO THIS MISSION.

ONCE WE DISCOVERED THE BORG WE SPARED NO EFFORT OR EXPENSE CROSSING TIME AND DIMENSIONS IN AN EFFORT TO WIN THEM OVER AND ULTIMATELY BETRAY THEM.

WHEN WE WERE READY, WE STRUCK DEEP INTO THEIR CONSCIOUSNESS AND REMOVED THEIR WILL TO RESIST US.

I KNEW THE ONE RANDOM ELEMENT IN MY PLAN WAS YOU, TIME LORD. I DID EVERYTHING I COULD TO KEEP YOU IN THE DARK.

YOU NEARLY SUCCEEDED. BUT I FIGURED IT OUT, JUST AS I ALWAYS DO.

ONCE WE HAVE FINISHED CYBER-CONVERTING THE BORG AND THIS ENTIRE UNIVERSE, WE'RE GOING BACK. WE'RE GOING TO ENSLAVE YOUR UNIVERSE AS WELL.

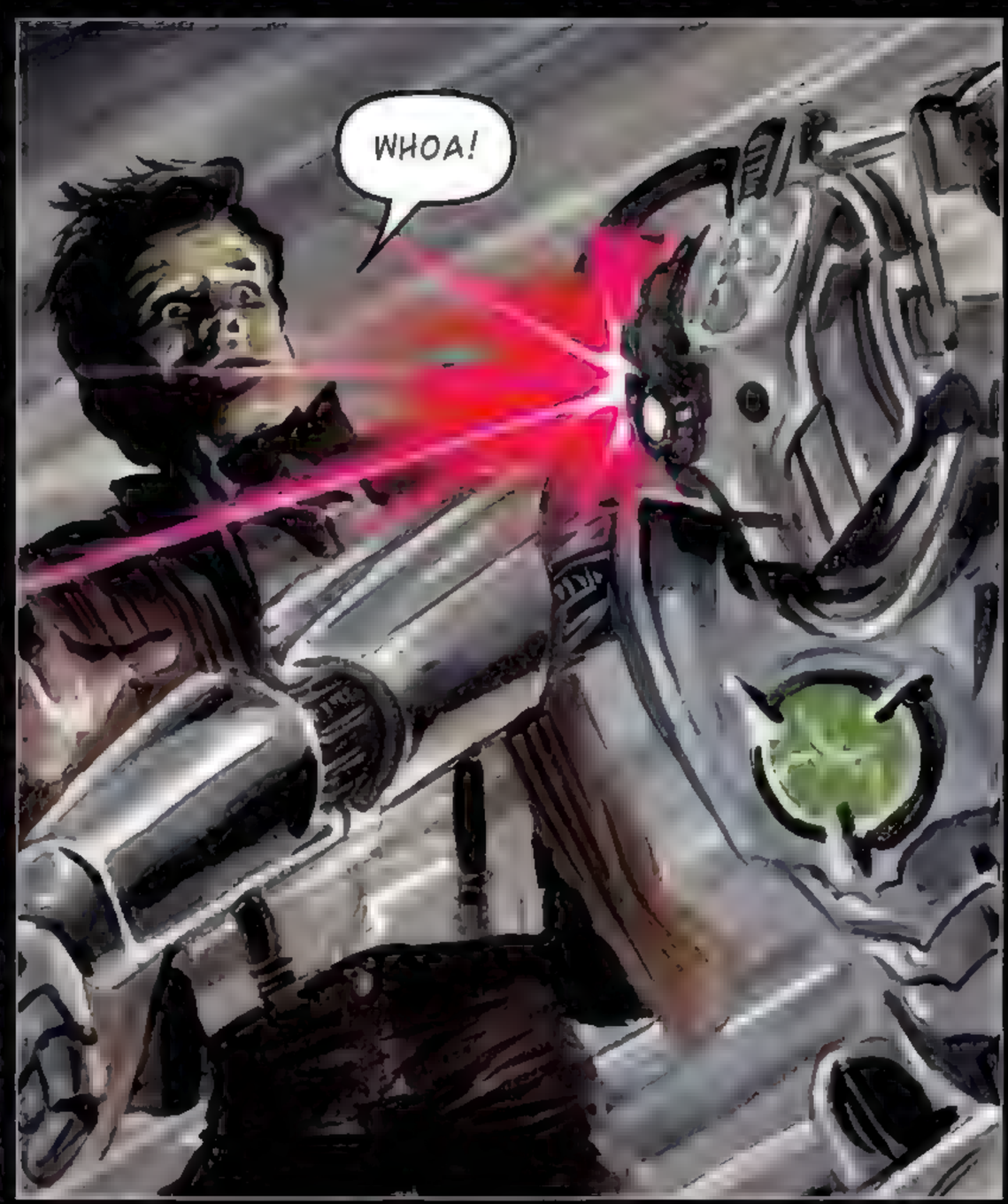
I DON'T THINK SO. YOUR SHIP'S ALREADY DISABLED.

OUR COUNTLESS DEFEATS AT YOUR HANDS ARE FINALLY OVER.

THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO THIS TIME. YOU'VE WALKED RIGHT INTO MY HANDS.

I WILL DO WHAT MY PREDECESSORS COULD NOT: I WILL PUT AN END TO YOU, AND THE CYBERMEN WILL NEVER BE TROUBLED BY THE DOCTOR AGAIN
RRRRRKK
POP
POP
POP
DOCTOR?
HOLD STEADY, CAPTAIN...

YOUR PETTY MISCHIEF WITH THE GOLD MAY HAVE SLOWED MY DRONES BUT IT HAS LITTLE EFFECT ON ME
I WILL CRUSH YOUR SOFT THROATS AND BUILD THE NEW CYBERMAN EMPIRE ATOP YOUR BONES
THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE. SURRENDER NOW.
DIE, TIME LORD!



KLANG

RELEASE ME! I WILL KILL THE TIME LORDS! I WILL KILL YOU ALL!

WHUD

I REALLY DON'T THINK YOU WILL. NOW HOLD STILL. THIS MAY STING A LITTLE.

NOOOOO!

YOU WERE MOST APTLY NAMED, MY FRIEND. YOU WILL SERVE AS THE CONDUIT THROUGH WHICH WE RESTORE THE BORG'S EXECUTIVE PROTOCOLS.
THE VITAL INFORMATION, CONFIRMED BY YOUR BORG CIRCUITRY, WILL FLOW THROUGH YOU, INTO THE CYBER-CONTROLLER, AND OUTWARD THROUGH THE CYBERMEN'S OWN NETWORK TO ALL CYBER-CONTROLLED BORG DRONES, SHIPS, AND FACILITIES.

ONE MORE MINUTE, AAAAAAND...

...THE BORG COLLECTIVE IS RESTORED!

RUMBLE

WHAT WAS THAT?!

THIS VESSEL AND ALL CYBERMEN VESSELS LINKED THROUGH ITS CYBER-WEB HAVE BEEN SET TO SELF-DESTRUCT. THE CYBERMEN MUST NOT BE ALLOWED TO FURTHER THREATEN THE BORG.

WHAT?! YOU CAN'T! THAT'S GENOCIDE!

HOW LONG, CONDUIT?

FULL PROGRAM EXECUTION IN 285 SECONDS.

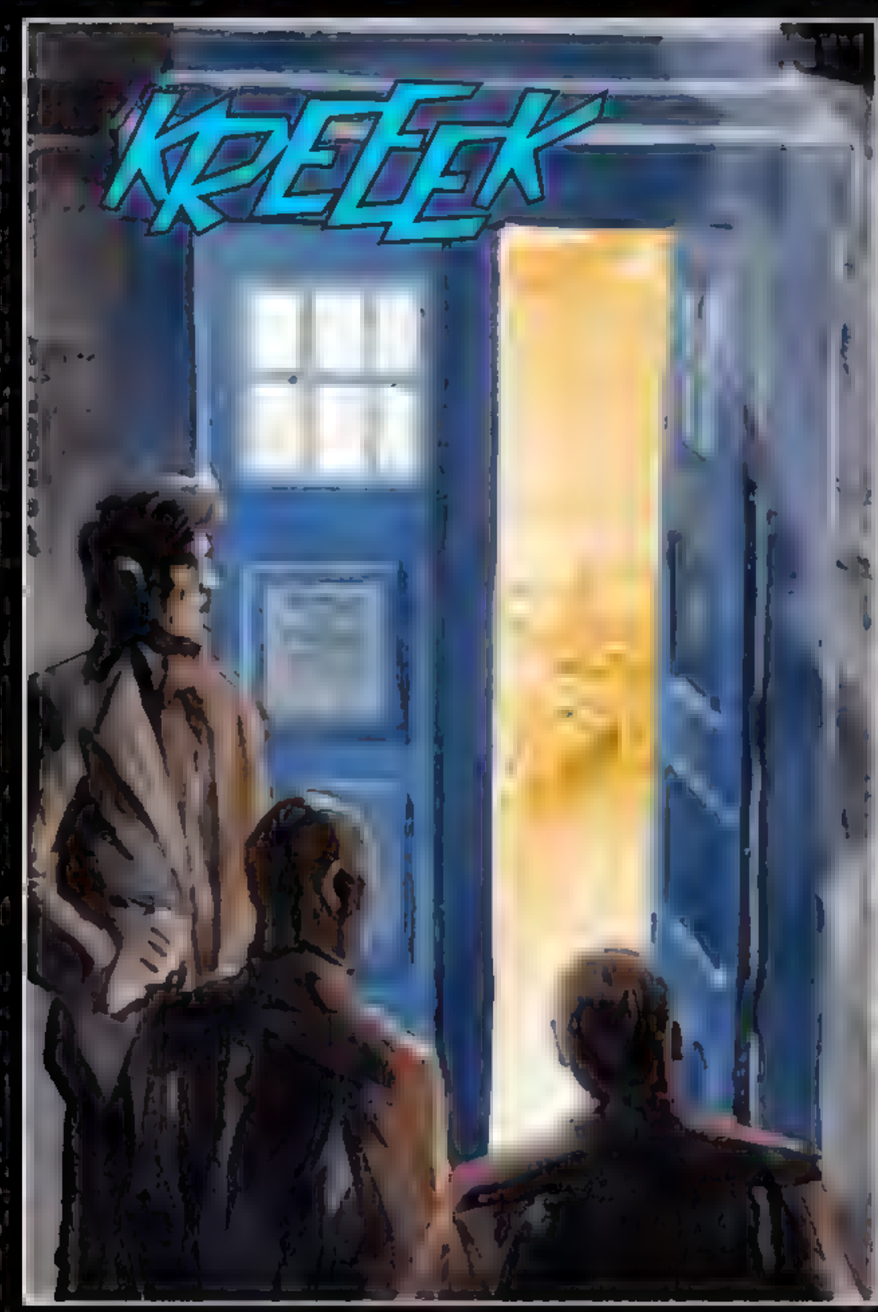
WORF! THIS SHIP IS GOING TO SELF-DESTRUCT!

MEET US BACK AT THE TARDIS IMMEDIATELY! YOU HAVE LESS THAN FIVE MINUTES!

DATA?

IT WILL BE EXTREMELY CLOSE, SIR.

SNAP


KREEEK

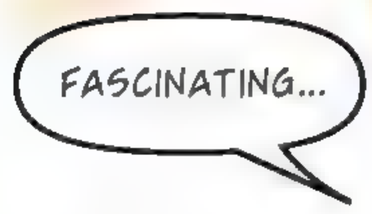
QUICKLY, QUICKLY!

VWORP
VWORP
VWORP
VWORP

AND THERE IT IS.
I'LL NOT GRIEVE, DOCTOR. YOU SAW THE WORLDS THEY RAVAGED.
YES, I KNOW, BUT—
WHAT'S THIS?
RESISTANCE IS FUTILE. ALL WILL BE ASSIMILATED.
NO! YOU CAN'T!
HOW CAN THIS BE? I THOUGHT HE HAD REMOVED HIS ABILITY TO ASSIMILATE!
HIS ABILITY TO ASSIMILATE ORGANICS, CAPTAIN. THIS LOOKS TO BE A STRICTLY MECHANICAL INTERFACE.
OUR ARRANGEMENT IS AT AN END, TIME LORD. THE BORG COLLECTIVE MUST HAVE THIS TECHNOLOGY. WITH IT, ALL TIME PERIODS CAN BE ASSIMILATED. AND THE BORG WILL EXTEND TO ALL WORLDS, ALL TIME. ALL THAT IS WILL BE AND WILL ALWAYS HAVE BEEN BORG.

RESISTANCE IS FUTILE!

KRRKLE


FASCINATING...

DATA? DOCTOR, WHAT'S HAPPENING?!
MY SHIP IS ALIVE, CAPTAIN.
AND IT'S RETREATING FROM THE BORG'S ASSAULTS, INTO THE ONE PLACE IT CAN—COMMANDER DATA.

I ONLY HOPE HE CAN CONTAIN IT...

WE... CANNOT... ALLOW... THIS!

KA CHUNK
NNNGGGHH—
WILLIAMS, NOW!

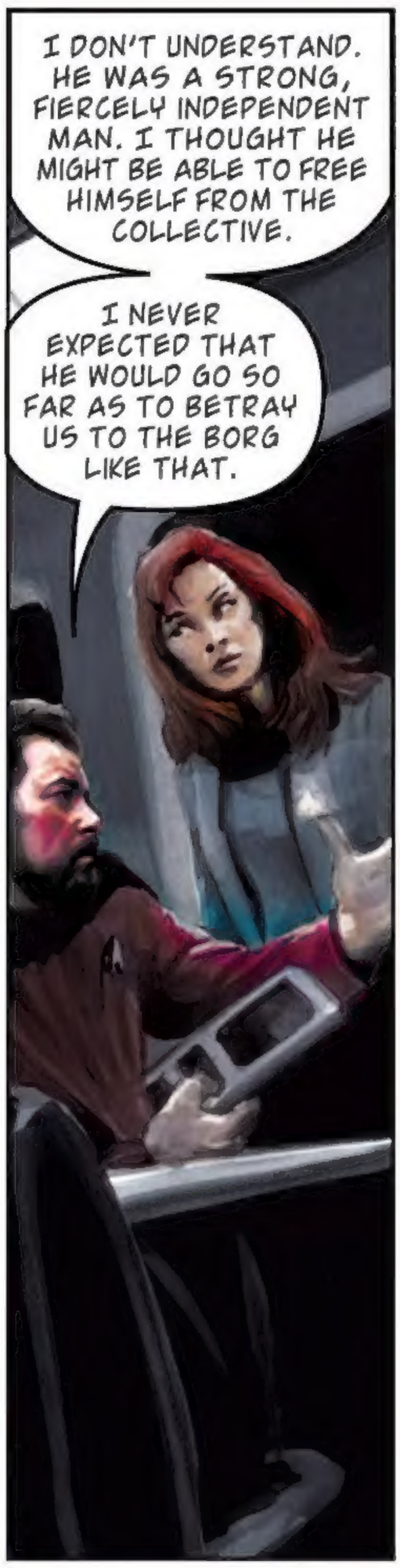
THWOK
RRAGH!

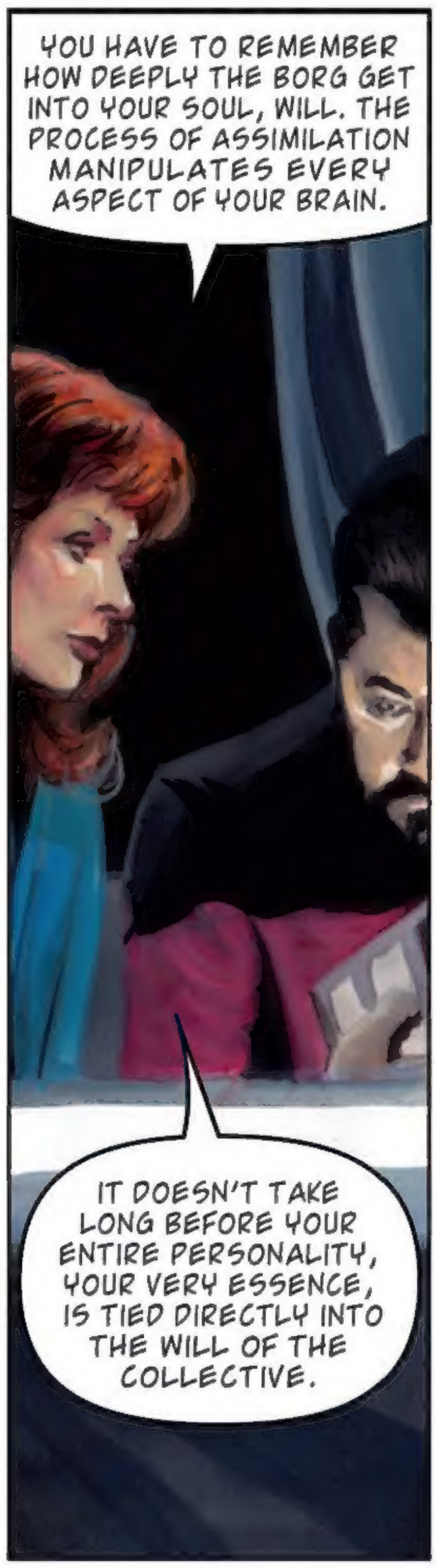
DO IT!

GO!

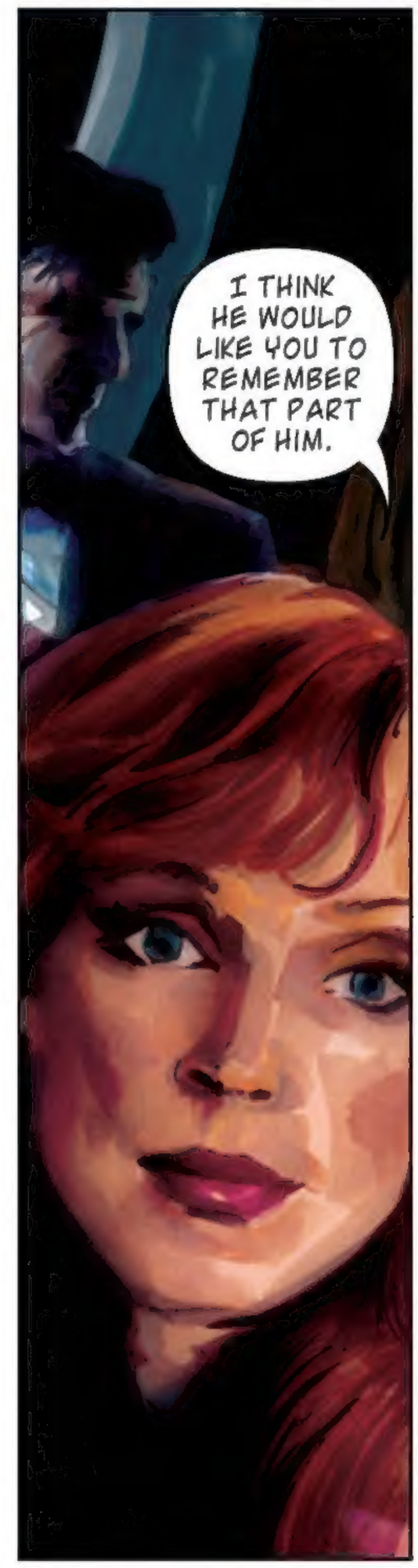
SLAM

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, DATA?
YES, CAPTAIN. THE TARDIS ENERGY HAS RETREATED TO ITS HOME WITHIN THE SHIP. IT WAS... REMARKABLE.
NOT TO WORRY, CAPTAIN, ONLY MINOR DAMAGE TO THE OLD GIRL.
I'LL HAVE US RENDEZVOUSED WITH THE *ENTERPRISE* IN NO TIME!
MAKE IT SO, DOCTOR.
HAPPIER TIMES?
IT WAS A LONG TIME AGO.


I DON'T UNDERSTAND. HE WAS A STRONG, FIERCELY INDEPENDENT MAN. I THOUGHT HE MIGHT BE ABLE TO FREE HIMSELF FROM THE COLLECTIVE.
I NEVER EXPECTED THAT HE WOULD GO SO FAR AS TO BETRAY US TO THE BORG LIKE THAT.


YOU HAVE TO REMEMBER HOW DEEPLY THE BORG GET INTO YOUR SOUL, WILL. THE PROCESS OF ASSIMILATION MANIPULATES EVERY ASPECT OF YOUR BRAIN.
IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG BEFORE YOUR ENTIRE PERSONALITY, YOUR VERY ESSENCE, IS TIED DIRECTLY INTO THE WILL OF THE COLLECTIVE.

MY ONLY CONSOLATION IS THAT WHATEVER WAS LEFT OF BERTRAND DID HELP US DEFEAT THE CYBERMEN.
I'D LIKE TO THINK THAT THERE WAS AT LEAST A PART OF HIM LEFT THAT ALLOWED HIM SOME SATISFACTION IN HELPING US.


I THINK HE WOULD LIKE YOU TO REMEMBER THAT PART OF HIM.

COMMANDER, WE SHOULD PROBABLY BE ON OUR WAY.
DOCTOR, A QUESTION—ONCE YOU DEPART, WILL ALL TRACES OF YOUR UNIVERSE'S INCURSION HERE REMAIN?

AN EXCELLENT QUESTION, COMMANDER! I'D SAY MY DEFINITIVE ANSWER IS A FIRM "YES AND NO." WITH THE TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF THE CYBERMEN FROM THIS UNIVERSE, ALL OF THE CHANGES MADE TO YOUR HISTORY IN THEIR WAKE HAVE PROBABLY ALREADY UNWOUND THEMSELVES.
I'D WAGER A LOOK AT YOUR COMPUTER BANKS WILL FIND NO SIGN OF MY PREVIOUS ENCOUNTER WITH YOUR PREDECESSOR. HOWEVER, THE THINGS WE OURSELVES HAVE EXPERIENCED, THOSE MEMORIES—AHH, THOSE ARE OURS TO KEEP, FOR GOOD AND ILL.

THANK YOU FOR YOUR ASSISTANCE, DOCTOR, MR. AND MRS. WILLIAMS.
ALTHOUGH I HOPE YOU WON'T BE OFFENDED IF I SAY I HOPE OUR PATHS DON'T CROSS AGAIN.
NEVERTHELESS, I AM GLAD THAT CIRCUMSTANCES ARRANGED FOR US TO MEET.
ON THAT, CAPTAIN, WE CAN HEARTILY AGREE.
BYE!
SO, DOCTOR, YOU REALLY THINK WE'LL HAVE NO PROBLEM GETTING HOME?
ABSOLUTELY NONE, RORY, MY BOY!
THIS UNIVERSE WANTS US GONE, JUST AS OURS WANTS US BACK.
IT'LL BE SMOOTH SAILING. I JUST HOPE—
JUST HOPE WHAT?
"I JUST HOPE WE HAVEN'T LEFT ANYTHING BEHIND..."
OUR CONSCIOUSNESS HAS BEEN RESTORED. QUERY: HOW WAS THIS ACHIEVED?
THE TIME LORD AND LOCUTUS SUCCEEDED IN DEFEATING THOSE WHO ATTEMPTED TO ASSIMILATE US.
CONCLUSION: WITH OUR ENEMY DESTROYED, THE TIME LORD AND HUMANITY ARE ONCE AGAIN RIPE FOR ASSIMILATION.
QUERY: HOW IS THE TIME LORD TO BE ASSIMILATED?
RESOLUTION: THE BORG MUST INVESTIGATE AND MASTER TIME TRAVEL...
THE END